



**don't believe in
modern love**

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don't believe in modern love by jupiterss

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Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

just a drabble of the losers hanging out and reminiscing, not much point or plot

was given a song prompt on tumblr - modern love by David Bowie

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It was their last day of high school, the final bell had rung and they all ran like hell to the parking lot and piled into Richie's truck, Richie and Eddie in the front seats, Mike, Ben, and Beverly in the back, and Stan and Bill holding on for dear life in the cargo tray, the radio blasting *Hungry Like The Wolf* while they all screamed along, all of them absolutely overflowing with euphoria and a love for life. They drove straight to the Barrens without anyone even needing to suggest it, it just felt so *right* that they would end up there after all these years. In their minds that was their starting point, where four had become five and then six, and then eventually seven. Lucky seven, as Bill had said that fateful day, as they watched Henry Bowers scramble off on his hands and knees following that rock war. Richie still had a small scar on his forehead from a stone that had damn near knocked him unconscious, now hidden by a mess of black curls, but still a glorious reminder of their triumph.

They pulled up on the side of the road and jumped out of the vehicle, towing their backpacks that they had filled in preparation that morning with food and alcohol (but mostly alcohol), a couple picnic blankets, and Richie's brand new boom-box that he had been saving up for since junior year. They knew that evening was going to be theirs, and the rest of the world, every problem and bad memory and all the pain they had gone through, it all just wouldn't exist.

They flew, hooting and hollering, through the trees to the clearing along the Kenduskeag stream, the same spot where an eleven year old Ben Hanscom had run into a much smaller Eddie Kaspbrak having an asthma attack, and where they had later built the best damn dam in the world. Where Richie *Trashmouth* Tozier had mortified both Eddie and Stan as they watched him and Bill trudge through the greywater in that sewer pipe. It's where Bill had first kissed Beverly and where Beverly had first kissed Ben as confused lovestruck teenagers. It's where fifteen year old Mike had captured a blurry photograph of a very surprised and clueless Eddie falling backwards into the water after an acne-ridden Richie leant in to kiss him, and another where Eddie had pulled Richie in after him by the collar of his shirt and kissed him back. It's where first Stan, and then

Bill, had come out to the group in junior year, and a week later confessed they had been seeing each other in secret for months, and where the rest of them tried their best to act like it was news. And so, so much more. That place was theirs, and it always would be.

They set up their things, Stan and Bill laying out the blankets, Beverly, Ben, and Mike pulling countless bottles and cans out of everyone's bags and grouping them together on the ground next to the boom-box. Richie and Eddie had already made it clear they weren't going to be of any help, as Richie had Eddie thrown over his shoulder, pounding his fists in protest against his back and screaming at him to let him go as Richie spun around in circles, cackling like a lunatic. Richie received a punch in the stomach after Eddie managed to squirm out of his grasp, causing him to double over in pain but still laughing all the while.

"Can you two hold out on trying to kill each other for one goddamn afternoon?" Beverly had teased as she shoved a beer into Richie's hand and a cigarette into the other.

"Yeah, spaghetti man, let's save all this pent-up aggression for the bedroom," he winked and leant down towards Eddie, making sloppy kissing noises.

"You're fucking disgusting," the shorter boy scoffed, rolling his eyes and stomping off to where the drinks were. He settled on a lukewarm wine cooler and joined Ben on one of the blankets.

The sun hung low in the sky, slowly painting new colours across the clouds, and they all talked and laughed for hours until eventually night came and stars started to litter the heavens above them. Mike and Bill had built a small fire for light and warmth, and they all at one point or another moved until they were all surrounding it, looking around at each other in varying states of intoxication, lit up by the dancing orange flames, all thinking something along the lines of *I am so ridiculously in love with these people*, as they reminisced fondly on certain memories and cringed at certain others.

The song on the stereo faded into another, and Richie shot to his feet as the guitar riff started.

“Oh god, this fucking song!” Beverly squealed as he grabbed her hands and stood her up.

/ I catch the paper boy / But things don't really change / I'm standing in the wind / But I never wave bye-bye /

They started dancing together, in some strange, out of time, over exaggerated waltz, spinning and jumping around and singing along very much out of tune.

/ Never gonna fall for modern love / Walks beside me / Walks on by / Gets me to the church on time /

“This fucking song,” Stan muttered with a dopey smile on his face, leaning over to bury his face in Bill's shoulder.

“This fucking song,” Eddie groaned, burying his own face in his hands, and Ben and Mike exchanged amused glances, both wearing shit-eating grins.

Of course it had been Beverly's idea. Stan's sixteenth birthday and they were going to celebrate in the barn on Mike's family's property. Richie had managed to sneak a mostly full bottle of vodka from his parent's liquor cabinet, Eddie and Bill spent the day sweeping and getting rid of cobwebs and disinfecting the old couches that were stored in there, Mike and Ben spent the day baking, (though Mike did most of the work and Ben just happily followed instructions when they were given), and Beverly allowed Stan to drag her around to all of his favourite birdwatching spots in town for the whole day, listening to him talk and laughing when he got overly excited when he thought he saw something new, and to her surprised she really enjoyed herself, so much so that she almost forgot about the party and they showed up twenty minutes after they were supposed to and completely ruined the surprise, but Stan had to hold back tears when he saw them all standing there nonetheless.

They had pooled some money together to buy him new binoculars seeing as his old ones were being held together with duct tape, and Richie had made a few mix-tapes with some rather obnoxious and

inappropriate voice messages between the songs, and Mike and Eddie put together a small scrapbook with copies of photos of them all together. He had cried then, and they all crowded him in a group hug which only made him sob more, and they all just held on to each other for a minute or two until he recollected himself. They cut and ate the cake, it was chocolate and almost sickeningly sweet but too damn good to not eat, and then things started to get a little messy.

Stan took the first shot from a red solo cup, throwing his head back dramatically as he did, swallowing and scrunching up his face as the liquid burned the back of his throat.

“Fucking hell, that's gross,” he spat out once he was confident it wasn't coming back up again, “why do people do this?”

Richie had laughed and swung his arm around Stan's neck.

“You'll find out, my friend,” he answered as he poured six more shots for the rest of them, and hoisted one up in the air, “a toast to Stan the Man, that glorious bastard.” The rest of them lifted their plastic cups up in response, and they all threw back their drinks.

Two hours later, the vodka was all but empty, and though they had all objectively had too much to drink, Eddie was probably the worst culprit. He had decidedly brought it on himself to give them all a private concert, standing on the couch, unbalanced and wobbling all over the place, a very intense expression on his face as he serenaded them to the music that was playing.

Beverly had her head resting on Ben's shoulder and his arms wrapped around her waist as they swayed along, giggling their heads off as they watched Eddie almost fall off the couch multiple times, (it had gotten to the point where Mike had moved the cushions from the other couches for him to land on when he would undoubtedly face-plant).

Richie and Mike were sitting on the floor, singing along and cheering whenever a song finished. Stan and Bill were off in their own corner, partially obscured from view, the two were probably the least drunk out of all of them and they were having a very nervous discussion which would lead to their first kiss later that night.

/ It's not really work / It's just the power to charm / I'm still standing in the wind / But I never wave bye-bye /

Eddie was very dedicated to the bit, holding an empty cup as a microphone as he slurred out the lyrics.

“That's my fucking *boyfriend*, dude,” Richie had said to Mike through a dopey, lovestruck grin, before standing up and stumbling over to Eddie and putting his hands up on his waist.

“*Puts my trust in G- Richie!*” he whined as Richie started to tug at the hem of his shirt in a weak attempt to get him off the couch.

“C'mere,” Richie slurred, balling up the material in his fists, “c'mere babe, Eds, Eddie Spaghetti.”

Eddie started to protest but lost his balance for a second, having to hold himself up against Richie's shoulders. Richie took the opportunity to wrap his arms around his waist and pick him up and move him to the ground, without letting him go.

“Richiiiiiiiiieeeeeee,” Eddie sulked, stomping his foot dramatically “I was doing something.”

Richie smirked and tilted his head down to kiss him, which Eddie immediately escalated, grabbing his face and sloppily biting on his bottom lip

“Get a room, guys,” Beverly teased, and Ben hid a laugh in her shoulder.

/ No confessions / No religion / I don't believe in modern love /

Stan kissed Bill first, interrupting a conversation that neither of them were really keeping track of. His hand ghosted over Bill's cheek, eyes closed, heart racing faster than it ever had. It took Bill a moment to even figure out what was happening and it was over by the time he did, Stan looking at him expectantly, worry written on his face. Bill had blinked at him a few times, lips parted, feeling a blush creep up his neck. And then they were kissing again, neither of them knew who initiated it that time.

Mike looked over a little later to see Stan sitting in Bill's lap, but at that point his vision was pretty foggy and he wasn't thinking very commonsensical so he just shrugged it off and forgot about it.

"Have you told him yet?" Beverly asked, cigarette in hand, sitting next to Richie at the edge of the water. The others were all still around the fire when Richie had pulled Bev off to the side to smoke, but really to talk.

"Not yet," he replied, pulling on his cig and letting the smoke filter out a small gap in his lips, "honestly I don't really know what I would say."

"That'd be a first for you," she smirked, and Richie gave an offended gasp and punched her lightly on the arm. She laughed and took a long drag. "But really, he needs to know. Not gonna get easier the longer you wait."

"I know that, Bev, but things are just so perfect right now," he turned his head to look over at the others. They were laughing about something, just too far off to hear what it's about, the music humming quietly in the background. "I feel like I'm fucking it all up, you know?"

"Don't say that, Rich."

His eyes drifted over each of them, taking in how they looked in the firelight. His chest felt tight and there was a lump in the back of his throat that he couldn't get rid of no matter how many times he tried to swallow it down. He lingered on Eddie. Eddie Kaspbrak, that damn hypochondriac that he'd been in love with since middle school. Who's house he spent more time in than his own. Who still keeps that ridiculous fanny pack in his closet even though he hasn't used it in years. Who he was sure he would have married on the spot if he was asked.

"I don't want to leave him, Bev."

She leant over and put her hands on his shoulder, forcing him to look at her.

“Damn it Tozier, you've been given the best opportunity of your life here,” her voice is soft but still stern, “he'll be okay. And besides, it's only four hours away, yeah? Don't tell me you think he won't be up there every chance he gets. You're both too fucking whipped for each other.”

He laughs, tears starting to well up behind his glasses. She pulls him into a hug.

“How I'm gonna live without your inspiring speeches, miss Marsh, I have no idea.”

“Shut up.”

They rejoined the group a bit later, Beverly taking her spot between Mike and Ben and Richie pulling Eddie onto his lap. He pressed his face into the back of the shorter boy's neck, causing him to squirm and hunch his shoulders a little.

“Ugh, you're gonna make my clothes smell like cancer.”

“Don't bullshit me, Eds. You love it.”

"Debatable."